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—OR—

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(DRAMA.)

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SWEETBRIER,

—OR—

THE FLOWER GIRL OF NEW YORK.

A DRAMA

IN SIX ACTS,

—BY—

Lizzie May Elwyn.

—O—

—TO WHICH IS ADDED—

DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

—O—



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—CLYDE, OHIO:—

AMES' PUBLISHING CO.

SWEETBRIER, OR THE FLOWER GIRL OF NEW YORK.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

DEACON SILAS HUNTER.....	<i>A miller.</i>
RALPH LINDSEY.....	<i>The Deacon's son-in-law.</i>
ROSCOE LINDSEY.....	<i>Ralph's twin brother, personating Ralph.</i>
EARLE LINDSEY.....	<i>Roscoe's foster son.</i>
VICTOR HENDRICKS.....	<i>Son of Roscoe's accomplice.</i>
MOSE HENRY.....	<i>A faithful darkey.</i>
BLAKE and BROWN.....	<i>Laborers.</i>
GENTLEMAN NICK	} <i>Thieves.</i>
RED ROGER	
BIG MIKE	
CARLOS DARE.....	<i>Roscoe's repentant accomplice.</i>
<i>Officers, hackmen and newsboys.</i>	
PAULINE LINDSEY.....	<i>Sweetbrier.</i>
MRS. ALICE LINDSEY.....	<i>Ralph's wife.</i>
INEZ FLINT.....	<i>Roscoe's step-daughter.</i>
ANN ABIGAIL HUNTER.....	<i>The Deacon's wife.</i>
NANCY.....	<i>Mose's mother.</i>

COSTUMES.

SILAS.—Very corpulent; red face, strongly lined; bald; gray wig; short gray beard. *Act II—Scene I*—Trousers and waist coat of dark cloth, sprinkled with meal; white shirt, gingham neckerchief. *Act III—Scene I*—Same as in *Act II*. *Scene II*—Same as before, with hat and coat. *Acts V and VI*—Old-fashioned black suit.

RALPH and ROSCOE.—One man should take both parts, with a few alterations in make-up. Roscoe, slightly stooping; hair and beard sprinkled with white; face very pale and sunken. Ralph, erect; dark hair and beard; healthy color. Both fashionably dressed.

EARLE.—Stylish suits.

BLAKE and BROWN.—Coarse garments.

VICTOR HENDRICKS.—Curly blond wig and mustache; dressed like a fop.

MOSE.—*Acts II and III*—Coarse clothes. *Act V*—Suit of white cotton; short pantaloons, with long, loose sandals laced to the knee; striped turban; white beard. *Act VI*—Dress suit.

GENTLEMAN NICK.—Large mustache; very flashily dressed.

RED ROGER.—Red face, red wig, full red beard, short blouse, overalls with hip pocket; keys in blouse pocket and revolver in hip pocket.

BIG MIKE.—Very large; coarse suit, slouch hat.

CARLOS DARE.—Very pale, with dark hair and beard; white shirt, black trousers.

PAULINE LINDSEY.—*Act I*—Hair flowing, a print dress much torn, battered hat, old slippers. *Act II*—Black dress rather long, old-fashioned black bonnet, black shawl folded cornerwise. *Act III—Scene I*—Dress of light muslin, hair coiled high. *Scene II*—Add sun hat. *Act IV—Scene I*—Scarlet dress, black bodice, black hose and slippers; a black lace scarf should be thrown over the head so as to partly conceal her face. The dress should be short. *Scene II*—A sun-bonnet should be substituted for the scarf. *Act V*—A rich evening dress.

ALICE LINDSEY.—*Acts I and V*—Poorly clad; very pale. *Act VI*—Rich evening dress.

INEZ FLINT.—A stylish dress.

MRS. HUNTER.—Rather stout with gray hair done in a neat twist. *Act II*—Dark print dress and apron, with change for *Acts III and IV*. *Acts V and VI*—Black dress, old-fashioned black bonnet and shawl.

NANCY.—Gaily colored dresses and turbans, with white shawl and sun-bonnet for *Act V*. *Act VI*—Extravagant display of ribbons.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E.; (2d E.,) Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

R.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.

*** The reader is supposed to be upon the Stage facing the audience.

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SWEETBRIER,

—OR—

THE FLOWER GIRL OF NEW YORK.

—x—

ACT I.

SCENE I—Interior of Rogues' Rookery. Couch on floor, R.; box at L. of couch on which are medicine bottles, glasses, a spoon, a broken pi'cher and an ink bottle; chair L., over which hangs a coat. A few articles of broken furniture. On couch reclines CARLOS DARE, with a bundle of manuscript.

Carlos. It is finished—the last work that Carlos Dare will ever do! Oh, I'm not fit to live, much less fit to die; yet my hour has come and I must die like a beast.

Enter, MIKE RYAN, L.

Mike. Hallo, comrade! an' how is it yer feelin' this mornin'?

Car. No better, Mike; I shall soon be beyond the suffering felt by mortals.

Mike. Now, now, Carlos; don't ye be fur gittin' low sperited. It's yerself as will soon be round agin. Why you've pulled through many a worse turn than this; don't ye remember the tomahawk ye got in yer skull out in Dakota? 'Twas a mighty uglier wound than the one you've got now.

Car. Yes, Mike, I remember, and I wish I had died then. I would rather die in a battle with Indians than from a gambler's knife-thrust. Had I died ther Pauline would not have been let loose in the streets of New York. Where is my little Sweetbrier?

Mike. Ye needn't have no fears for that gal, Carlos, she is of honest stuff with plenty of grit, an' she'll fight her way through this world an' git into a better one, which is more'n you an' me kin do.

Car. Yes, Mike, but this is no place for me to leave her. Where is she? I heard a sound like sobbing; is it my child?

(partly raising himself)

Mike. No, the gal is all right; she has gone to git ye some posies. She tould me to come an' stay with ye; but I had to lay the old man out—whew! *(claps his hand over his mouth)* Have ye had yer medicine?

Car. Finish up your sentence, Mike. Don't try to conceal anything from me. I heard strange noises last night. Out with it, man!

Mike. Begorra, the gal said as I wa'n't to excite ye, an' by me

soul now, yer as wild as a hawk! Have some cordial.

(pouring from bottle into glass and handing to CARLOS

Car. Tell me all!

(drinks

Mike. Well, ould man Hendricks is dead.

Car. Saul?

Mike. Ther same!; the pelice shot a nate little howl in the ould man last night. Bad luck to them!

Car. What was he doing? I've been a bad man, Mike, but Saul Hendricks has been ten times worse.

Mike. He was dodgling the beaks with a mighty purty lady what he was a takin' ter board. He had been boardin' her at the 'sylum, but somehow her husband got on the scent an' come down on the 'sylum with a lot er beaks. But it happened that the ould man an' his nephew, Nick, was makin' a call on the mad doctor, an' they got off with the leddy, but not before Hendricks got a chunk er lead.

Car. The lady, Mike, I must see her!

Mike. Hey!

Car. Can't you manage to bring her here?

Mike. I suppose I might, but Nick is sot in that direction.

Car. *(groaning)* Oh, if I could live, how much evil I would undo; but my repentance has come too late. Mike, I've been writing.

Mike. Yes, an' a mighty bad job it is for ye too! Ye'll be for having another hemorrhage.

Car. These papers are for Sweetbrier. Everybody has supposed her my child, but she is not.

Mike. What!

Car. *(She is not mine. Her father was Ralph Lindsey. Ralph had a twin brother, Roscoe, who looked much like him; but Roscoe was a bad one, and in a fit of anger struck his mother so that she never recovered from the effects of the blow. The old squire, his father, turned him from his house and never allowed his name mentioned. After the death of his wife, the squire moved to a country village where nobody knew of his troubles. It was there that Ralph married Alice Hunter. When the old gentleman died he left the bulk of his property to Ralph and a small sum in cash was also left with him for Roscoe, who was in South America. Ralph went to Chilli, where Roscoe was imprisoned for a crime against the government. While visiting him, Ralph was knocked senseless by his brother, who escaped, by donning Ralph's clothes, leaving him to serve his sentence. Roscoe went to Ralph's home, but Alice, Ralph's wife, refused to acknowledge him as her husband, and she was pronounced insane.)* A few weeks later Sweetbrier was born. And Roscoe laid a plan to get rid of both mother and child. He hired Saul Hendricks to abduct the mother and imprison her in a mad house, which he did; and hired me to kill the child, which I did not. I threw the baby's blanket into the water, and both Alice and her child were supposed to be drowned, and that little unnamed baby is my only earthly treasure, Sweetbrier. *(lies back exhausted)*

Mike. *(giving CARLOS drink)* Begorra, ye think it's the gal's mother that young Nick's got here?

Car. Yes.

Mike. Faith, an' so do I! but begorra, ye shall see! *(exit L.*

Car. Shall I have a chance to undo the wrong I did Alice Lindsey sixteen years ago? *(puts papers under the pillow*

Enter, MIKE and ALICE LINDSEY, L.

[Mike. Begorra, Carlos; an' it's the same, sure!

Car. Mrs. Lindsey!

Alice. Carlos Dare!

Car. Madam, I have sent for you that I might partly atone for the wrong that I did you so long ago. Can you forgive me?

Alice. Atone! Can you restore to me the child you tore from my arms and cast into the water? Can you bring the dead to life, Carlos Dare? When you can do this then will I forgive you.

(exit MIKE, L.

Car. I will restore your child.

Alice. Do not attempt to deceive me; my child is dead.

Car. Your child lives; you will be sure when you see the birth-mark on her arm. I never harmed your child, but have given her a good education. With a little training she will become all that you could wish her to be. We have led a Bohemian life and she has traveled over nearly all the world.

Alice. Where is she; oh, where is my child?

Car. She is living in this house; but I am going to die. I feel that I have but a few hours more of life. I have written her history and shall send my little Sweetbrier with the papers to your father and he will release you.

Alice. But my child? I must see her!

Enter, MIKE, L.

Mike. Come! (catches ALICE by the wrist) Nick's comin', an' the divil will be to pay if yer caught here! (hurrying out L.]

Pauline. (singing outside) "Oh, let the wide world wag as it will; I'll be gay and happy still!"

Enter, PAULINE, R.

Pauline. Hallo, pop! wide awake, aren't you? (flings a bunch of sweetbriers on the couch) There, see what I have brought you, and such a tramp as I had to get them—and don't you think—I've had a pro-po-sal! (advancing on her toes and swinging her hat

Car. (taking flowers) A what?

Paul. A bonafide offer of marriage from that exquisite specimen of humanity, Mr. Victor Hendricks.

Car. The wretch! how dared he?

Paul. Oh, it was laughable! He spread his handkerchief on the ground and knelt on it, rolling up his eyes, and declared that I could make a man of him or send him to perdition.

Car. And what did you tell him?

Paul. Why, I told him that the latter place would afford him a safe retreat, as he was too green to burn!

Car. Oh, I'm afraid, afraid!

Paul. Afraid of what? That bit of pink and white candy?

Car. How can I leave my one ewe lamb amongst wolves?

Paul. Papa, how pale you are! You are worse, and I have been chattering so! (looks in pitcher) and Mike did not give you your broth! I shall scold him well.

(takes pitcher and starts L.

Car. Stop! Come here and hear what I have to say—bring me my coat.

PAULINE brings coat and CARLOS takes a ring box from pocket and gives it to her.

Car. Here, my child, is your mother's wedding ring; keep it safely. (takes letter from under pillow) Post this letter and follow it to Silas Hunter's—he—water!

Paul. (giving cordial) Papa, when am I to go, and why?

Car. When I am dead.

Paul. Papa; oh, papa! But you are not going to die; you will get well again.

Car. My child, I—I—look out for Liudsey—he—is bad—papers—will tell—they are—

(holds out hands to PAULINE, gasps and falls back)

Paul. Oh, papa! papa!

(throws herself beside couch—HENDRICKS looks in at back)

END OF ACT I.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE I—Kitchen at SILAS HUNTER'S; fireplace L. C., bellows hanging beside fireplace, tongs, shovel, etc.; table L., rocker beside table, clock R. C., glass over fireplace. SILAS HUNTER discovered asleep in arm-chair, snoring; paper crumpled in his hand, cane on floor, spectacles on his head.

Enter, MOSE, L.

Mose. Golly! de ole man's asleep agin! He am de mos' powerful critter ter sleep ebber I seed. (loud snore) Golly, what a noise! Now how I gwine ter gib him dis lettah? If I wake him up he shoo fo' ter cane me, an' if I don't gib him dis lettah he shoo ter cane me. What is I gwine ter do? I'll make a noise an' dat'll foteh him.

Dances while SILAS snores louder than before. MOSE gets near SILAS, who suddenly seizes his cane and strikes at him.

Silas. What do you mean by kicking up sich a racket? You miserable, black rascal! you—you—Jehosophat! don't you know that I don't allow dancing in my house? It's works of the devil, sir; works of the devil!

Mose. Yes, sah, but I had a lettah fo' you, sah, an' as you'se asleep, sah, I tinked I better wakes you up gently, sah—

Silas. Asleep, you ignorant jackass! Asleep, indeed! I haven't been asleep to-day. I've a mind to cane you—where did you get that letter?

Mose. Down ter de oflice, sah.

Silas. Give it to me. (gives letter) You didn't get it this morning for I came from there not an hour ago, and the noon mail ain't come yet. Where did you get this, eh? (threatening with cane)

Mose. (dodging) Don't, massa Hunter, I'll 'fess I tooked it out ob de oflice las' night, an' I disremembered all about it.

Silas. You shiftless, good-for-nothing critter; I've a mind to cane you! (striking with cane—MOSE runs out L.) Now where's my

glasses? (*hunts about*) Now where on airth is them glasses? I never can find anything. (*goes R., calls*) Abigail! Abigail! Ann Abigail Hunter! Abigail! (*stamps about, overturning everything in his way*) Drat that pesky old woman, she always grabs everything I lay down and stows it away! (*calls*) Abigail! I say, Abigail! Ann Abigail Hunter!

Enter, Mrs. HUNTER, R.

Mrs. Hunter. Did you call me, Silas?

Silas. (*mimicking*) Did you call me, Silas? Who did you s'pose I was calling? Is the world over-run with Abigail Hunters? Things have come to a pretty pass, that you sit around snoozing, while I'm yelling my brains out.

Mrs. H. Silas Hunter, ain't you ashamed to talk in such a manner to your own wife? Sounds well, don't it, for a deacon of the church?

Silas. Ding it, woman! where is my glasses?

Mrs. H. Deacon Hunter, I don't wear your glasses.

Silas. Who in blazes said you did? Can't I put anything down in my own house but you must snatch and poke it away where nobody can find it! Great guns! I won't stand it!

Mrs. H. Silas Hunter, I'm ashamed of you, and if you don't stop using cuss words, I'll report you to the church. I declare, you are so excitable that you keep me in a flurry all of the time—the Hunters always was an excitable set. (*sits in chair and slowly rocks—SILAS examines bellows*) Silas, what on airth do you expect to find in them bellowses?

Silas. Horned teakittles! What do you s'pose I'm looking for—a gold mine? (*hunts about*) Like enough you have thrown them glasses in the fire.

Mrs. H. Oh, indeed! (*takes letter and reads*) Well, there! I knowed we should have company afore night, for Nancy dropped the dish-cloth this morning.

Silas. Ann Abigail, will you please tell me where to look for my glasses?

Mrs. H. Why, yes, you old coot, look in the looking-glass.

Silas. (*looking in glass—taking off glasses*) Humph! (*looks for letter*) Now where is that letter? (*Mrs. HUNTER passes letter*) Old woman, you can't be beaten for cheek.

Mrs. H. Now, deacon, don't get excited again! And please remember that I have a christian name.

Silas. Mighty christian too, if there's any virtue in homeliness.

Takes letter and reads while Mrs. HUNTER picks up what he has overturned.

Mrs. H. Well, there ain't, or you would a been too virtuous to live. (*suddenly SILAS strikes the floor with cane—Mrs. HUNTER jumps*) Law me, Silas, whatever did you do that for? Youv'e got my nerves all unstrung with your fidgety ways.

Silas. Nerves! You've got about as many nerves as that old mill-stone down yonder. Anybody who could read that letter without a word, to talk about nerves. Dammit, woman, do you think I'm go-

ing to have my house turned into a hospital or a foundling asylum for all the street gamins of New York? Well, I shall not. I've been insulted, imposed upon and I won't bear it! Wasn't it enough that Lindsey should quarter himself [and family] upon us without having his illegitimate brats left on our hands? Such a disgrace as this never happened in my family afore.

(walking about—very much excited)

Mrs. H. Silas, it's about noon, hadn't you better harness up the old horse? Like enough the little gal may have a bundle or something.

Silas. Didn't I say I wouldn't have her? *[It was enough to take Inez Flint, the sly critter, but this last is too much.]* *(striking the floor with cane)* I won't stand it!

Enter, EARLE, L.

Earle. What is the matter now, grandfather? What is it that you won't stand?

Silas. *(tossing letter to EARLE)* Read that!

Earle. *(reads)* "MR. SILAS HUNTER: I send to you Ralph Lindsey's child. Take her and care for her till she is claimed by her mother. She will bring papers that explain all. Expect her by next train. She believes me her father. Yours in death, CARLOS DARE." Whew! *[So I am to have a new sister.]* Well, grandfather, am I to go and escort her home?

Silas. Escort her home! Humph, humph! Escort her home! I suppose you may as well take the horse—a pretty mess this! A fine time we shall have—why don't you start yourself? Begone, you jackanapes, the child may get lost! It's time for the coach this minute; away with you!

Earle. Yes, yes!

(exit, L.)

Enter, NANCY, R.

Nancy. I ain't agwine ter stan' any mo' ob dese city airs an' bossin'! If yer can't keep dat Flint gal out ob de kitchen whar I hab ter work, I'se jess gwine ter gib warnin'.

Mrs. H. Do calm yourself, Nancy. What has Miss Flint done?

Nancy. She done poke her nose inter tings what don't consarn her, an' I won't stan' it.

Silas. Shut up, and go see to the dinner! Get something good and a lot of it. There's going to be another city girl to boss you, so hurry up.

Nancy. Hi! dat am more dan I kin stan'. You kin git yer own dinner, fo' I'se gwine ter pack right away.

Mrs. H. Oh, Nancy, Nancy! sich goings on I never see; you and the deacon are so excitable you're enough to wear my nerves all out. *(moves slowly R.)* Come, we must hurry; we shall be late with dinner now.

(both exit, R.)

Silas. Nerves! Ha, ha! But, durn it, I feel put out with Lindsey; who'd a thought it, and he so mighty high headed.

Enter, LINDSEY, L.

Lindsey. How dye do? You see I've returned like a bad penny.

How has everything prospered since I've been gone?

Silas. Humph! Have you picked up any street waifs, or any more of your numerous progeny? If you have, bring 'em right along; I think I shall keep an asylum for the fatherless or a house of correction.

Lind. And do you intend ^{to begin} by correcting me? What do you mean? I had no idea that Earle or Inez were offensive to you. You shall be amply remunerated for your trouble and we will leave at once.

Silas. Bosh! stuff! Nonsense, you know what I mean—read that. (passing letter

Lind. (reads—starts) I—I— This is preposterous. What do you make of it anyway?

Silas. What do I make out of it? That you are an infamous rascal! Who is the mother of it? Dummit, I'm glad my Alice never lived to know what sort of a man she married! What have you to say for yourself, sir?

Enter, MOSE, L.

Mose. A gemman ter see massa Lindsay, sah.

Enter, VICTOR HENDRICKS, L.

Lind. Hendricks!

Hendricks. (bowing low) The same, sir; hope I see you well!

Silas. (to LINDSEY) I will leave you now. We will settle our affair at another time. (exit MOSE and SILAS, R.)

Lind. Victor Hendricks, what has brought you here?

Hend. Well, the steam cars brought me a part of the way and an abominable old stage coach jolted me the remainder. (sits in rocker—puts his feet on table) You don't seem over glad to see me.

Lind. The devil—no! What have you come for? Your father is dead, my dealing with him is over; I wish nothing to do with you.

Hend. Oh, you don't! Perhaps there are others who will want something to do with me. Now, perhaps the old man who just went out would give considerable to know what became of his daughter Alice; and I've no doubt that the government of South Chili would pay a good round sum for the re-capture of Roscoe Lindsey, the convict.

Lind. Hush! You need not try that game; everybody knows that I am Ralph.

Hend. Do they? Ralph's wife didn't know it, did she? Perhaps it would interest you to know that your twin brother Ralph, who has been serving your sentence, has escaped, and is on the track of his wife.

Lind. Escaped! How do you know this?

Hend. Oh, you don't want anything to do with me, (lights cigar) but I've come on a little business with you! (takes papers from pocket) You see those papers? Dare is dead and he wrote these papers to send to yonder old man, but I found and kept them. The girl came on the stage with me—and here (slapping his breast pocket) written and signed by his hand, are all of father's dealings with you, besides a number of your letters—you see I have you, old fellow! Now, I propose to take the girl, the real estate and half the personal property—you to take the remainder and skip for parts un-

known. It's a fair offer and you may as well take up with it. Sooner or later you will have to get out. Ralph is in New York—I have seen him—and when he chooses can prove his identity, and send you to prison.

Lind. But what do you want of the girl?

Hend. Oh, you see I pass for a good fellow, and if I marry dare-devil Pauline, her father will come down with the tin—see?

Lind. We will see about this later on. When you see the girl you may not want her.

Hend. See her! ha, ha! that's rich! Why, I've had my eye on her ever since she was a wee chick. A smart one she is, too! I shall depend on you to intercede for me. (*picks up hat and gloves*) I'll see you later! (*bowing*) Ta, ta! *him* *exit L.*

Lind. What shall I do? Curses on the miserable fop! I must get those papers from him or I am undone. I dare not try to make way with the girl, for he would betray me. If Ralph has changed much they might not know him, but I have changed, perhaps more than he—but I must not mope here; I must be up and doing.

(*exit L.*)

Enter, SILAS, R.

Silas. Botheration! where is my hat? So many folks round up-setting things I can't find nothing. (*hunting round, dragging out chairs, table, etc.*) Where is that old woman? I'll see if she can't let my things alone.

(*exit, R.*)

Enter, MOSE, L.

[*Mose.* Well, I nebber! Dis yer looks like house cleaning.
(*sits in chair, puts feet on table and sings "Down in Dixie"*)

Enter, NANCY, with broom, R.

Nancy. Yer good-fo'-nuffin' niggah! Who ebber seed sich a lookin' house? Didn't yer know better den turn ebyting upside down? (*strikes MOSE with broom*) 'Take dat! (*strikes*) an' dat! I'll larn ye ter clutter up fas' as I kin clear tings away. (*strikes*)

Mose. I didn't go for ter do it, mammy! (*dodges about, NANCY following*) I say I didn't! Go hit where yer oughter! (*darts out R.*)

Enter, SILAS, R.—broom descends on SILAS' head.]

Enter, EARLE and PAULINE, L. [NANCY runs out, R.]

Silas. The devil!—I was going to say.

Paul. Been an awful thing if you had, governor. Say, are you havin' a little domestic row, or is this a game of romps to settle your dinner?

Silas. None of your business, you young hoodlum! Good gracious, who are you and where did you come from? You look like a running scare-crow.

Pauline. None of your business, you old crosspatch; so there!

Earle. Why, ^{uncle} grandfather, this is my ^{the new st} new sister; you are not very complimentary.

Silas. Horned teakittles! *that* a little gal? My stars! she looks like the ghost of her great grandmother! What is your name, and how old *are* you?

Paul. I'm most sixteen, and my *real* handle is Pauline Dare—

Silas. What? What do you mean?

Paul. Can't you understand plain English? I say my name is Pauline Dare. Poor papa used to call me Sweetbrier, because, if meddled with I'm likely to scratch; but in the wild west, also in New York, I sported various cognomens.

Silas. Dear me, how shocking! This beats me. (*goes R.*) Abigail! Ann Abigail!

Enter, INEZ FLINT, R.—clasps his arm with both hands and puts her head on his shoulder.

—Git out!

Inez. Dear (*grandpapa*), what is the trouble? Why is everything so overturned—for pity's sake what is this? (*pushes her away*)

Paul. You will find out what it is, you sleek, sly cat. Ough! I could tear you into sausage meat! (*pointing to PAULINE*)

Earle. Hush, Pauline! This is [*my foster-sister*] Inez Flint. Inez, this is the young lady whom I went to meet. I hope you will like each other, [*for, you know we are to make one family.*]

Paul. Like *her*! Never!

Inez. I beg your pardon for my rude speech. (*holding out her hand*) I am pleased to welcome you.

Paul. Bah, what a whopper! You would like to squash me; I see it in your eyes, but you ca-a-n't do it. (*makes a mocking bow*)

Enter, MRS. HUNTER, R.

Mrs. H. Oh-h! Silas Hunter, have you lost anything more?

Silas. Blame it all, yes; I've lost my hat. Why can't you let things alone?

Mrs. H. Oh, dear! I wish something would calm your excitable disposition. Your hat hangs on the pump, in the back yard where you left it.

Silas. The dickens!

Mrs. H. Deary me, why didn't you introduce the young lady, Earle? I hope you will excuse me, dear, I didn't notice you before. (*holding out hand*) You are very welcome. (*exit, L.*)

Paul. (*shaking hands*) Thank you; I am glad to be welcome to such a nice, cosy home.

Mrs. H. Well, my dear, I dare say you are hungry. Come right out and have some dinner; come, Earle!

Paul. Yes, Earle, *you* are hungry, I know, for you were complaining on the way home; come!

(*catches EARLE's hands and runs out, followed by MRS. HUNTER, R.*)

Inez. Oh, I shall *hate* her, I know; yes, I hate her now.

Enter, HENDRICKS, L.

Hend. Inez Flint!

Inez. Victor Hendricks, why have you come here?

Hend. That is *my* business, my dear. Not knowing that you

were here, I did not come to see you, though such a vision of loveliness well repays me for the journey.

Inez. Don't be sentimental, Victor, it won't do for a penniless spendthrift like yourself.

Hend. Inez, you used to have a good head for business, and it did not matter much what kind of business, either. I have a game on hand, that if well worked, will make me rich. You can assist me if you will.

Inez. I don't want anything to do with your games. I am in respectable company now, and I don't propose to be dragged into disgrace by you.

Hend. So you are in respectable society, are you? It puzzles me to know how you got here?

Inez. Mother married Mr. Lindsey. These old people are Ralph Lindsey's first wife's parents. We are stopping here for the season.

Hend. I called to see Lindsey, and left my cane. *(takes cane)* Won't you walk with me? I want to talk with you.

Inez. I tell you that I want *nothing* to do with you.

Hend. Don't you? Now weally that's awfully cutting; but you would like to hear from your husband, my cousin Nick—

Inez. Hush!

Hend. Thanks, awfully! I weally shall be delighted to inform your husband where to find his loving spouse. He needs a house-keeper, and no doubt will hasten to your side at once.

Inez. Victor, do not betray me. Nick is my husband, but I am engaged to marry Earle Lindsey, and nobody shall separate us. Keep my secret, Victor, and ask of me what you will.

Enter, EARLE, R. E.

Earle. Woman, I have heard all, but I will keep your guilty secret. I could curse you, but will forbear. Henceforth let us be as strangers.

Inez. Oh, Earle!

Earle. Silence! Never take my name upon your vile lips again.

Enter, LINDSEY, L.

Lind. Why, what is this about?

Hend. Aw—the gent is jealous. Come, Inez, we will finish our conversation in a more—aw—congenial sphere.

(exit, HENDRICKS and INEZ, L.)

Lind. Earle, what is the trouble?

Earle. I have broken my engagement with Inez, that is all.

Lind. So, so! Well, I can't say that I'm sorry. I've another choice for you.

Earle. Another choice?

Lind. Yes, Pauline Dare!

Earle. Pauline Dare! That bunch of oddities! Father, are you insane?

Lind. Insane—no! But I want to do right by both you and her. I always meant to leave my property to you and by marrying Inez to you, secure her future; but the advent of this girl has changed all.

Earle. Father, I owe you a debt of gratitude for taking me from

the streets and making me what I am, but when you desire to control me in an affair like this I must rebel. By jove! I'd not marry your illegitimate daughter if she were a *lady*, which she is not. You've been a kind father to *me*, but this last affair shows you out to be an unmitigated scoundrel.

Lind. You young whelp, don't you dare call me names! Marry her or not—but mark this—you shall not have one penny of my property unless you do! (*exit, L.*)

Earle. With no trade, no income and no profession, I am indeed a beggar, poorer than the poorest laborer who can use the pick and shovel. (*sits in chair and bows his head on the table*)

Enter, PAULINE, R.

Paul. Earle! (*puts her hand on his shoulder*)

Earle. (*looking up*) Well!

Paul. Why, what is the matter? Are you in trouble? Oh, I know! It's the green cucumbers—awful, ain't it?

Earle. (*looking steadily at PAULINE*) You have beautiful eyes, Pauline, prettier than any girl I know.

Enter, INEZ, L.

Inez. So soon, my knight of honor?

END OF ACT II.

CURTAIN.

Lapse of one year between Second and Third Acts.

ACT III.

SCENE III—Same as Act 2nd. MOSE asleep in chair.

Enter, PAULINE, R., with whisk broom; takes straw from broom and tickles MOSE on the ear; MOSE stirs, at last awakes; chases PAULINE around the chair, both laughing.

Enter, NANCY, R., with dust brush.

Nancy. Laws a mussy, sich a rackit as dem chilluns do make!

Mose. (*catching PAULINE*) I'se done cotched yer now, Miss Brier—

Enter, EARLE, R., astonished.

Earle. Pauline! Such actions are not befitting a lady! Have you no more dignity than to romp with a servant?

(*takes his hat from table and exits L.*)

PAULINE walks slowly out R. MOSE ssit astride a chair.

Nancy. I'd jes like ter mop de floo' wid he, de good-fo-nuffin' trash! Mose Henry, if you ebber gits a wife an' sarbs her like dat, I will; I'll—I'll mop de floo' wid ye till yer can't see. When a man marries a wife he takes she fo' better fo' worsen, an' if he fin's she a little worsen—

Mose. 'Taint more den mos' new husbands do, hev. mammv?

Nancy. (striking him with brush) Shut up, yer fool niggah! What you know 'bout women anyhow?

Mose. (rubbing his head) Tinks I oughter know sum'n 'bout 'em. But Miss Brier don't whack folkses ober de head, an' I 'spect she wouldn't call her own chilluns 'fool niggahs!'

Nancy. You jes shut right up, Mose Henry, an' go git in de mornin's kindlin's afore dark.

Enter, MRS. HUNTER, R.

Mrs. H. Dear me, Nancy, I do feel kind o' skerry to-night. Ain't it most time to light the candles? My nerves are all unstrung. I know something dreadful is going to happen, for old Rover has been howling for nigh an hour.

Nancy. (placing chair) Ya'as, I heered dat critter, an' it am nuff ter make de shivers run down er buddy's back. Mose Henry, you go right out an' shut dat dog in de barn. (exit MOSE, L.) Heah, Missus Abigail, you take yer knittin', (giving knitting) an' you'll feel better. Don't yer go for ter hab de blues, cos deys cotchin'. Now I'se gwine ter do up de clos. (exit, L.)

Enter, PAULINE, R.

Paul. (flinging herself beside MRS. HUNTER) Oh, grandma Hunter, how tired of life I am! Why can't I die? I do not want to live; but (springing to her feet) I am strong and well, I shall live for years, and drag out a life of misery. (pacing the floor)

Mrs. H. Law sakes, how you do illustrate a body! What is the matter?

Paul. Oh, grandma, can you see how I am treated, and you ask what is the matter? [I, the wife of less than a year, ignored for another, and that other an old sweetheart of my husband's.] Grandma Hunter, do you know why Earle married me?

Mrs. H. Law, no! I suppose because he loved you. I'm sure you might make any man love and want to marry you.

Paul. I thought he loved me, else I would never have married him, but I was a fool to think so. No man who loves a woman will ask her hand in marriage without a word of love [but I thought him reserved, and rushed headlong into the snare set for me by Earle's father.] Grandma, there is some secret here. [Are you hiding anything from me?]

Mrs. H. Bless us, child, why should there be a secret? [What should I hide from you?]

Paul. There is a secret; papa told me so when he was dying, and warned me against Mr. Lindsey. There are papers that would reveal the mystery, but papa died before he could tell me where to find them.

Mrs. H. Well, nobody never got no good a prying into secrets. As for Ralph, I guess he's as good as most worldly men. He is my son-in-law and for Alice's sake he must be respected in my house. He has changed since she died—oh, my poor child; my poor, dear Alice; without even a decent burial; lying with her unnamed babe beneath the cold water. (weeps)

Paul. (goes to MRS. HUNTER) Forgive me, grandma; I have been selfish, thinking only of my own sorrow.

Mrs. H. Child, what makes you so unhappy? What can one so young know of sorrow?

Paul. Can't you see? [My husband is ashamed of me. I am a

burden of which he would gladly be rid. I can do nothing to please him; he is continually chiding and correcting me, and, to a girl who has led a life of freedom, it is simply unbearable. He has given me no chance to learn the ways of society, keeping me here all this dreary winter, and now Inez Flint has come to spend the summer, and I can see that she is trying to win him back. Grandma, I can not bear it—I shall go away.

Mrs. H. Child, don't talk like that—you will break my poor, old heart. You are like a daughter to me.

Enter, SILAS, R.

Silas. Abigail, I wish you would see if you can find my spectacles. I had 'em out there in the cook room, when I was pickin' over them huckleberries; now I can't find 'em.

Mrs. H. Dear me, Silas, you are allus losin' something, but if you've lost them spectacles without upsettin' everything afore you, it must be a bad sign; I'm afraid you'll never find 'em. *(exit, R.*

Silas. Why, what is the matter with grandpa's little Sweetbrier? *(puts arm about PAULINE and lifts her chin)* I believe you have been crying. Who has been hurting my little gal?

Paul. Perhaps it is the briars, grandpa; I find my path in life quite thorny sometimes.

Silas. And that Flint gal is the biggest thorn of all, eh? Don't you mind her, my little gal; don't you mind her a bit. Earle won't get caught in any of her snares. He told me last night—

Mrs. H. (outside) Silas! Silas!

Silas. Yes, Abigail! As I was saying—

Mrs. H. (outside) Well, come along, Silas Hunter, this very minute.

Silas. Yes, yes! *(exit, R.*

Paul. I'm afraid that he is already ensnared by her. I wonder what he told grandpa—

Enter, HENDRICKS, L.

Hend. Would you really like to know?

Paul. Why do you steal upon me in this manner? I do not care for your company, sir. *(goes R.—HENDRICKS steps before her)* Let me pass! How dare you bar my way? Stand aside!

Hend. I have something to say to you, Pauline, and you may as well hear me in kindness as in anger. I do not wish to quarrel with you—I love you too well for that.

Paul. Silence, sir! Such language is an insult. I am a wife, and it will not be well for you to forget it.

Hend. (A wife!) Married to one who shuns you, despises you; one who at this moment is talking sweet nothings to your rival. Oh, Pauline, why did you throw me by for such a man? I have loved you always—madly, passionately loved you; yes, even now, for one glance of love from those dark eyes, I would throw myself from yonder mountain top, and be dashed to pieces on the rocks below—

Paul. Ha, ha, ha! Say, where did you learn that? I hate to compliment you, but you remind me of a bird that I once seen in Australia. His tail is so much like a lyre that he is called the lyre bird.

Hend. Oh, may you never know the anguish of unrequited love. *(sits in chair and bows his head on the table)*

Paul. Say! I've an idea—supposing you propose to grandma—

she lost a great spoon yesterday. Likely as not she would take you!

(stage begins to darken)

Hend. *(starting up)* You may ridicule me all you like, Mrs. Lindsey, but it won't save you, the man you love, or his miserable father. *(LINDSEY at back)* I hold papers that will ruin them and make you rich. If you will get rid of Earle and become my wife, you shall have them; if not, I shall destroy the papers that prove your identity and publish those that will ruin him.

Paul. Scoundrel, you have robbed me! Those papers are mine!

Hend. Yes, when you are my wife!

Paul. You know that I cannot marry you. I have a husband.

Hend. You can easily procure a divorce on the plea of abuse.

Paul. Never! Besides Earle has not abused me.

Hend. Well, then you can run away with me, and let him procure the divorce—

Paul. You vile, insulting wretch! Leave this room instantly!

Hend. You are more enchanting than ever. Anger beautifies you, my love.

Enter, EARLE, unseen, R.

Paul. Begone! Leave me, sir! *(drawing dagger)* You see I am not defenceless.

Hend. I will go now, but I shall see you again. Your mother lives and on you depends her life. Adieu! *(exit, L.*

Paul. My mother living! Oh, heaven, I must have those papers! I will have them, if I have to take his life to get them! *(turns— sees EARLE)* You here!

Earle. I am, but it seems to me that you are getting rather tragical. *(takes dagger away from her)* This is rather a dangerous toy; where did you get it?

Paul. Papa brought it to me from Spain. I always carry it.

Earle. Well, I would rather you did not. It is more fit for a brigand than a woman like you. Quite a fine piece of workmanship, the hilt contains real diamonds; there is one loose. Shall I take it to my room and make it secure?

Paul. I shall be pleased to have it repaired, if it is not too much trouble.

Earle. Oh, no trouble at all! *(places dagger on table)*

Paul. Excuse me; I have an errand to the mill, and must be away at once if I would return before dark. *(exit, L.*

hand reaches in at L.—takes dagger)

Earle. Dear little woman, how bravely she defended herself against that wretch. What papers can he have, and what did he mean about her mother? She looked desperate. I'm glad I have the dagger, for—but here I have taken her only weapon of defence and let her go through those woods without offering my company. What a heedless brute I am! I'll follow her! *(looks on table)* Why, where is that dagger? She must have taken it.

Enter, INEZ, R.

Inez. All alone, Earle? I hope I do not intrude; but I left my book here. *(goes to table)* Ah, here it is! This was a birthday gift

from you; given when you respected, if you did not love me. Oh, Earle, it was a bitter day when I lost your respect.

Earle. Longfellow says, "Let the dead past bury it's dead." I think it would be as well, Miss Flint, for I cannot even respect a woman who would bethroth herself to one while she had a living husband.

Inez. But I thought him dead, and I loved you so well that I could not reveal my unhappy past to you.

Earle. We will let the subject drop. You revealed the full depths of treachery and deceit of your nature in the conversation which I heard between you and Victor Hendricks, a little more than a year ago. Such women disgusts me. I have shunned you; but you seek my society and I am forced to speak plainly. I can see that you try to rouse my wife to jealousy; but understand, madam, with all her faults, I love her; and, while I deplore her failings, I admire her virtues. Good evening! (*exit, L.*)

Inez. Oh, the bitterness of hate! Scorn me if you will, Earle Lindsey; but one day I will have my revenge on both you and her.

CURTAIN.

SCENE II—Woods; mill stream and mill; stage darkened. HENDRICKS lying on ground beside log. PAULINE bending over him, with the dagger in her hand. She flings down the dagger and takes papers from his pocket.

Enter, EARLE, L., hurriedly; two laborers, R.

Brown. What is this?

Earle. Great heavens!

Blake. Looks very much like murder!

Paul. Yes; I think the man is dead.

(hides papers)

Blake. And, as you were picking his pockets, you must be interested in his death. I think I'll take you before the magistrate. Brown, you look after the body, and I'll take care of the girl.

(puts hand on PAULINE's shoulder)

Earle. You hound! Don't dare to insult her; she is my wife! Remove your hand!

Brown. And who might you be?

Earle. Earle Lindsey!

Blake. I have heard of you, sir, and am sorry that this must be done. I am Blake, the tithing-man, and as I saw her robbing the body, I shall have to take her before the magistrate. Come, woman!

Earle. *(to PAULINE)* Why don't you speak? For heaven's sake, Pauline, why don't you say that you did not do it?

Paul. *(picks up dagger—holding it towards EARLE)* I have nothing to say.

Blake. Be careful there! Brown, take that knife! *(BROWN takes knife)* Now come along before you do any more mischief!

(takes PAULINE by the wrist)

Earle. *(springing forward)* You shall not! Here, take me! I did it; she knows nothing about it!

Enter, INEZ, R.—SILAS and MRS. HUNTER, L.

Inez. It is false! Earle knows nothing about it; she did it. saw her.

Silas. What is all this? Great Cæsar! Is that Hendricks? What is the matter, I say? What are you doing with my little Sweetbrier?

Paul. Oh, grandpa!

Brown. It's murder, sir! We heard an awful scream and ran in just in time to see this young woman, with a knife, bending over the body. And this other young woman says that she saw her do it.

Silas. (to INEZ) You she-devil! So you have got my little Sweetbrier into a scrape at last. (to PAULINE) But don't be scared, my little gal, grandpa will get you out o' this.

Mrs. H. Our Pauline do such a thing as this! Of course she didn't and if you don't let her go this minute, I'll have you arrested for laying hands on a woman—that I will!

Blake. That's for the court to tell, madam. Come, young woman! (PAULINE puts arms about MRS. HUNTER, and both weep) Come, come!

Paul. (turns to go) Good-bye!

All form picture.

HENDRICKS, C., front;—PAULINE, with officer, R. C. INEZ, triumphant, R. SILAS, with out-stretched hands—MRS. HUNTER with apron to eyes, L. EARLE is supported by BROWN.

END OF ACT III.

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE—Same as in Act II—Fire in fire-place; log L. of fire. LINDSEY, with shawl about his shoulders, seated in easy chair beside fire. EARLE stands at L. E.

Lind. It is doubtful if you again see me alive. I feel that my days are numbered. Can you not say that you forgive me?

Earle. It is hard for me to say. How can you expect my forgiveness—you who stole me from my parents and taught me to believe myself an outcast, a street-waif, fatherless and motherless? Representing yourself as my benefactor, when you were my enemy. How can you ask my forgiveness?

Lind. But remember that I have always treated you well, and had I been so disposed, I might never have revealed the secret of your parentage.

Earle. And it is very doubtful if you would have revealed the truth, had I not found that letter in the wood, which, no doubt, Pauline pulled from Victor Hendricks' pocket so long ago. It is a miracle how it was kept so perfect. Providence must have spared it to reveal your treachery.

Lind. That letter was simply——

Earle. A request for Saul Hendricks to abduct Earle, son of Lord Christopher Wayne, of England, and bring him to you; written and

lined by your hand. You were not over careful in those days, Mr. Lindsey.

Lind. Can you not wait till I am dead before you go to England?

Earle. Wait—while my parents die? No, I start to-night. Why do you fear my going to England? Are there more crimes, Ralph Lindsey, that you fear may be brought to light?

Lind. You can be cruel enough, boy. Ralph Lindsey has committed no crime; but go—and may success crown your efforts. Farewell!

Earle. If I succeed, you shall have my full forgiveness. Good-bye! (*exit, l.*)

Lind. *Shall I?* Oh, I am cornered like a rat in a hole! If it was not for this accursed weakness, that keeps me here like a helpless old man, I might get away.

Enter, INEZ, R.

Inez. Has Earle gone?

Lind. Curse him—yes!

Inez. Gone without a word to me; and I have loved him so! He has said farewell to even old Nancy! I alone am neglected.

Lind. Bah! Better be looking out for something to keep you in bread and butter! If that young idiot finds his parents, the cat will be out of the bag.

Inez. How?

Lind. Why, Lady Wayne knows that I am Roscoe, not Ralph Lindsey. She was my father's ward, and knows my writing. The R. Lindsey on that letter won't mean Ralph to *her*. She was with us when my father turned me from his door. Afterward her mother took her to England.

Inez. Had you let her child alone, you would now be all right.

Lind. I hated her and meant to be revenged. I swore it when I left my father's house, for it was through her tattling that father found out my doings. (*shivers*) How cold it is!

Enter, MRS. HUNTER, R.

Mrs. H. Cold! why it's jest like an oven here, with it the last of May and a roarin' fire! I tell ye, Ralph, if you'd let them doctors alone and take some of my bitters, your blood wouldn't be a freezin' in yer veins. (*looks at log*) Laws a massy! Who brought in that big log?

Inez. Earle brought it from the woods.

Mrs. H. Why, it's the same log that Hendricks' body lay beside!

Lind. (*starting up*) Curse it all—burn it! Call Nancy and have it put on the fire!

Mrs. H. Law! don't excite yourself so; there's time enough! Come to think on it—'twas jest two years ago to-night that poor little Pauling got out of jail and drowned herself in the mill pond.

Enter, SILAS, R.

Silas. Yes; I was jest thinkin' about the poor gal, and a curi's dream I had last night. I dreamt I see Sweetbrier setting on this log with Mose swimming beside her in the creek. She and Mose

was both good swimmers, and it allus puzzled me to know the reason that they never riz after they went down.

Inez. What is the use of raking up those old horrors? You would better burn that old log and talk of something more cheerful than murders and suicides.

Silas. P'raps you're right. I forgot that Lindsey was sick and nervous. (*goes R., and calls*) Nancy! Nancy!

Enter, NANCY, R.

Nancy. What am it dat you wants, massa Hunter?

Silas. Come and help me lift this log on the fire.

Nancy. Hi! No, sah; I ain't gwine for ter tech dat air—not if I knows it. Ough! (*edges off*)

Silas. Don't be a fool, Nancy! Come and help me! If you don't I shall leave it here, and you will have to work round it alone to-morrow.

Nancy. De good laws a mussy, massa Hunter; I wouldn't stay long ob dat no ways!

Silas. Take hold of it, then.

*SILAS takes one end of the log—NANCY taking the other extreme end with the tips of her fingers.—They move towards fire—NANCY suddenly drops log—both SILAS and NANCY fall on their knees on log, crushing it.**

*The log should be manufactured of small, slender hoops over which may be tightly drawn brown tissue paper.

Silas. The devil! (*getting up and rubbing his head*) Don't you know any better than that, you blundering ignoramus?

Nancy. (*climbing up*) Hi! Don't you know better den hit up agin me? 'Spect I'se gwine ter tote der whole ob dat log?

(*MRS. HUNTER starts forward and snatches papers from log*)

Mrs. H. What is this? (*unfolds paper and reads*) "I, Carlos Dare, do hereby——"

(*LINDSEY starts up—steps forward and falls*)

Silas. (*raising LINDSEY'S head*) Bring camphire, quick! It's a fit!

Inez. (*kneeling beside LINDSEY*) He has escaped the consequences of his crime—he is dead!

END OF ACT IV.

CURTAIN.

ACT V

SCENE I—Street in New York.

Enter, PAULINE, R., with basket of flowers.

Paul. Now where in the world is Mose? I shall never be able to sell these flowers without him. (*sings*) Water lilies; who'll buy? who'll buy? (*men and women pass through*) Wild roses! wild ro-ses! violets, sir? (*sings*)

Enter, MOSE, L.—he has a pole across his shoulders, from each end of which are suspended, Chinese fashion, baskets of flowers. He also carries a banjo.

Mose. Oh, lordy! Miss Brier I'se seed a ghost!

Paul. Nonsense!

Mose. But I has! I'se seed massa Ralph; an' didn't yer read in de papers (how he died of perplexity?) *About his funeral?*

Paul. (Apoplexy, *Mose*) but I also read, once upon a time, how a young woman leaped into the water and was drowned; also that her faithful servant lost his life in trying to save hers. I don't believe all of the newspaper reports, though I would much rather you saw a ghost than the living man.

Mose. (looking behind him) Oh—h, Miss Brier, I hadn't! I'se po'ful scart of ghosteses!

Paul. Some one is coming; tune up your banjo, *Mose*, for I have not sold many flowers to-day. This sweetbrier is badly wilted now.

MOSE plays; PAULINE sings—people pass through—some take bouquets, tossing money to PAULINE.

Enter, RALPH LINDSEY, L. *I thought you was*

Ralph. (Hullo Sweetbrier, if I live! *(aside)* How it reminds me of home,) *(aloud)* How much do you ask for your posies?

PAULINE starts back—MOSE runs, R.—flowers flying in all directions.

Paul. Ralph Lindsey, you know that I am innocent. Why do you seek me here? What have I ever done to you, that you long for my innocent life?

Ralph. You look innocent enough; but your manner is very strange. I simply asked the price of your flowers, and your companion flies like the wind, while you go into tragedy.

Paul. Very well; I'm willing to be let alone. Good day!

(turns—waving hand)

Ralph. (catching *PAULINE's* wrist) Where did you get that ring?

Paul. It is none of your business! Let me alone, sir!

Ralph. It was my wife's ring; see! there is her monogram on the seal!

PAULINE leans forward—both look at ring. She suddenly trips and pushes RALPH. He drops her wrist and throws up both hands to save himself from falling. PAULINE runs R.

Paul. You're an old fox; but this isn't the chicken to be caught napping! *(exit R.)*

Ralph. (The little wretch) It is plain that she knew Roscoe, and has mistaken me for him; (but how did she come with my wife's ring? I'll see her again and force the truth from her.) Can I be on the right trail at last? *(exit R.)*

Enter, SILAS and MRS. HUNTER, L.—She with black leather bag; carpet bag and handbox—he, with large covered basket; two bundles; cane and umbrella.

Silas. I'll be blamed if this ain't the gol darndest place I ever got in! I believe it's agoin' to rain; but I can't see sky enough to find out. There's so many folks bumping agin me that I've nigh about lost this unbrill more'n a dozen times. Have you got them papers all safe?

Mrs. H. Yes; right in this little black bag, (where I've kept 'em ever since I found 'em in that holler log.)

Silas. Well, let's see the one that tells where to find our Alice.

Mrs. H. (taking papers from bag—gives to SILAS) Just think of it, Silas! Our Alice alive; and so near to us! I declared I ain't been so flusterated since the day poor little Pauling was arrested.

Silas. (sets down bundles—puts on glasses and takes paper) Don't talk about that time, Abigail; it makes an all gone feeling in my stomach. Just think! the poor little critter was our Alice's own child. If we find Alice, I expect the news of that child's death will nigh about kill her. (reads) "Pauper's Lane, Rogue's Rookery"—now where is that?

Mrs. H. Yes, and where is Nancy?

Silas. Jehosophat! that pesky old woman must be lost! (takes out large pocketbook and puts in paper—RED ROGER looks in at back) I'll keep these directions; and you stay right here and look out for these things, while I look for Nancy. (exit L.

Enter, Police, R.

Police. Come, madam; move on! move on!

Mrs. H. Why, deary me! Where shall I move? The deacon told me to stay here till he got back, and if I move I know he never will find me in this big town.

Police. Where do you wish to go?

Mrs. H. I'm sure I don't know. I expected my son-in-law to meet us but he didn't come.

Enter, GENTLEMAN NICK, R.

Nick. Why, how do you do, mother? (loud call of fire, L.) I'll take charge of this lady, officer. (exit, Policeman, L.

Mrs. H. Why, I don't know you!

Nick. That is all right! That officer wanted to lock you up for obstructing the highway; so I claimed you for my mother. Now let me take your bundles and I'll find a place for you. They don't allow people to stop on the sidewalk. What have you in this satchel?

Mrs. H. My pocketbook and some papers.

Nick. Let me take that—somebody might snatch it from you. (takes satchel, bundles, etc.) Come; I'll find a place for you, and then I will watch for your husband and tell him where your are.

Mrs. H. Law sakes; how kind you be! I'm ever so much obliged to ye. (exeunt R.

Enter, PAULINE, with flowers—MOSE, with banjo, L.

Paul. Roses, wild flowers and water lilies! five cents a bunch! Ro—ses, five cents! music free! Come, Mose; tune up there! Give us something lively! (MOSE plays—PAULINE dances

Enter, SILAS, R.

Silas. (clapping his hands) Well done, gal! well done! Dancing is works of the devil; but you did it well, sissy!

Paul. (aside) Grandpa Hunter! (aloud) Have a posey? Only five cents; and I will pin it on.

Silas. Well, I don't ker if I do—some of that sweetbrier there and a pond lily. They remind me of the little gal I lost. Poor Sweet-

brier! I s'pose ye air pretty well acquainted round these part, ain't ye?

Paul. You can bet your boots on that, governor!

Silas. Oh, I ain't the governor; I'm deacon Hunter, and I don't believe in bettin'; but p'rhaps you know where Pauper's Lane is?

Paul. Do I? *Don't* I! Well, I should smile!

Silas. What the devil—I nigh about said—are you going to smile at?

Paul. Ha, ha, ha! Paupers' Lane is one of the toughest places in the city. You don't think of going there, do you?

Silas. Yes; I do! I guess I'm about as *tough* as anybody; and I ain't afraid of nothing in broad daylight. They have got my Alice shut up in Rogues' Rookery, and I'll have her out or I'll make a big row in this town.

Paul. How do you know that she is there?

Silas. Because I've got papers that prove it. Gosh! I nigh about forgot Abigail, with watching your capers. I must go now, and find my old woman. I told her to stay here; but 'pears she didn't. *(puts hand in one pocket—then in another)* Gosh all hemlock! *(searching)* Girl, I've been robbed! It was that red-headed chap that took it, I know. *(rushes out, R.)*

Paul. Hold on! Well, he has gone and nobody knows what he will rush into. I've no doubt that Red Roger picked his pockets. Mose, I'm going to see grandpa in a safe place, and get his money back if possible. If I don't get to our boarding house before ten to-night, you must go to the chief of police and have Rogues' Rookery searched. You understand?

Mose. Ya—as; but—I—I don't want nuffin' ter do wid de perlice, Miss Brier; deed I don't! I guess massa Hunter kin take ker ob hisself! *(takes white beard from chin—views it)*

Paul. *(shakes him)* Put that on this minute, and don't you take it off again! If you get caught now, you will go to prison.

Mose. I won't do so again; but a little white does change dis chile wonderful.

Paul. Now remember what I told you! I am going. *(exit R.)*

Mose. Now dat gal am bound ter git killed some day, an' I 'spect dis chile am bound ter go wid her. Well, dis am a queer world—'specially de world in New York. Guess I'll hab a little music!

(takes banjo—plays and sings "Swanee River")

Enter, NANCY, R.—followed by boys, hackmen, etc.—she carries two handboxes; umbrella and carpet bag—boys cry, "Smash yer baggage!"—men cry, "Hack! hack!"

Nancy. Git out dar; ebery one ob you! If yer dare smash anything ob dese here, I'll smash yer *head*—dat's what I'll do! Clar out, I say! What am dat you say? Hack—what yer gwine ter hack? You go ter choppin' inter me or any ob dese fings, an' you'se gwine ter git de worse ob it!

Hackman. Have a bus, ma'am?

Nancy. For de good laws! I'se nebber so insulted in my life! I'll hab you know I'se no sich!

Hackman. Right this way for a first-class bus, ma'am!

Herdie Coachman. Herdic, ma'am! Herdic!

Nancy. Heard it! 'Course you heard it—le more shame to you, too; stand round an' see a lady insulted like dat? Heard it—deed! I'se I'be' in deakin Hunter's family for thirty yeahs, an' I'se allus been 'spectable. I'll jess show yer how a lady kin take keer ob herself!

Drops baggage—lays about with umbrella—men and boys scatter, R. and L.

Mose. (who has been looking on with open mouth, rushes out—clasps NANCY in his arms) Oh, mammy! Mammy!

Nancy. (frees herself—beats MOSE with umbrella) You miserable ole nigger! take dat! (whack) an' dat! (whack)

Mose. Look out dar! Don't yer know me, mammy?

Nancy. Don't yer call me mammy, you ole gray-headed villin! Folks tink I'se ole as 'Thusla to be mudder ter you; I'se a young 'ooman—I is. Now (whack) clar out!

Enter, Police, R.

Police. Come; move on! Get out of this or I'll have to take you in.

Picture.

Police, R. NANCY facing MOSE, with umbrella held aloft; looking over her shoulder at officer—MOSE shrinking—baggage on ground.

CURTAIN.

SCENE II—Interior of Rogues' Rookery—table, C., at which is seated RED ROGER, with his back towards R.—GENTLEMAN NICK stands at end of table, holding black satchel.—SILAS' pocketbook lies on table before ROGER.—cards; black bottle and glasses also on table. Blanket thrown over object R.—window R.—behind ROGER and NICK.

Nick. Yes; I captured the old woman's satchel; but I had a hard job of it. Bi; Mike pitched in and took the old woman's part. I tell you, Roger; Mike ain't to be trusted; he's getting too fly anyhow. Why, when I made love a little to madam—

Roger. Hush!

(points toward corner)

Nick. Hallo! what have we here?

Roger. An old man who insists that I have his pocketbook, and was bent on searching the house for his daughter. The boys thought we had better give him a rest afore he commenced.

Nick. (going L., and hiding satchel) The deuce! What shall we do with him?

(PAULINE looks in at window, R.)

Roger. Sink him, I say! I've five hundred in this wallet that I'll divide amongst the boys, if he's put out of the way. If not, I shall git; for it ain't safe here with him knowing too much.

Nick. It ain't safe any way; for if he knows, likely there's more that do. We had better divy up and go in different directions.

Roger. But what shall we do with the woman?

Nick. I'll take care of her.

Roger. No you won't, old boy! This has got to be a fair divide.

Nick. Let's settle it by a game of euchre—the one who wins shall have the woman and dispose of the old man.

Roger. Agreed!

NICK goes L., brings chair and seats himself at table. ROGER places pocketbook in hip pocket; NICK deals. They begin to play, occasionally drinking from bottle. PAULINE raises herself on window-sill; looks about; slides to floor and creeps forward—takes pocketbook and bunch of keys from ROGER's pocket—revolver from NICK's—disappears under blanket. After a few minutes SILAS appears—revolver in one hand and key in the other; creeps towards door, C. As he reaches door, ROGER sees him—utters an exclamation—all leap to their feet. SILAS dashes out; followed by NICK and ROGER. PAULINE comes from under blanket.

Paul. Cricky! but that was well done! Polly, you do credit to your bringing up! Let's see what else you can do! There are those papers—I must have them! (goes L., takes satchel from hiding place, puts MRS. HUNTER's purse in pocket—papers inside of jacket) I must sacrifice grandma's satchel! (tossing it back) Now to find Mrs. Alice Lindsey! (takes bunch of keys—exit, L.)

Enter, BIG MIKE, R.

Mike. Well, here's a pretty mess! What's up, I wonder? Police raided the shanty? Guess I'd better take a look about! (exit, C.)

Enter, PAULINE and ALICE, L.

Paul. This is luck! I didn't expect to find you without a long hunt. We must get out of this before those rascals return!

Alice. But who are you and how did you get in? How did you know I was here?

Paul. I got in easy enough, and if you had any spunk, you would have got out long ago. I climbed the electric light pole, leaped to this roof, climbed through the scuttle, then out the window, got a footing on the top of the window below and when I got a good chance jumped in here. Now I'm all ready; come!

Alice. Your name! What is it?

Paul. Botheration! You ask too many questions; come along! Or do you want to stay with Gentleman Nick the rest of your days?

Alice. No! Oh, no; no! But——

Paul. (seizing her by wrist) No buts now! This is no time for explanations! (hurries towards door, C.)

Enter, MIKE, C.

—Hallo, Mike!

Mike. Well, you young monkey! So I'm just in time!

(ALICE staggers)

Paul. (shaking ALICE) Don't you dare to faint now! Mike Ryan, do you know me?

Mike. Not at all, me gal!

Paul. Have you forgotten the little girl whom Carlos Dare left to your care, when he was sent to prison—the girl whom your gray-haired mother taught all the good her childhood knew?

Mike. No; by the holy St. Patrick I hain't! Nor I never shall forget her—the little gal who saved my life out thar in Dakota; but

the poor child was hunted to death by them minions of the law. though she died game. Poor Sweetbrier!

Paul. Dead! Not much, Mike! (*removes bonnet and lets hair fall on shoulders*) She is here and at your mercy.

Mike. Pauline Dare!

Alice. My child! It is my child! Oh, man; have pity!

(*staggers—PAULINE puts her arm around her*)

Paul. Courage!

Mike. Marm, this here is yer own gal; Carlos told me jest afore he died. I all's meant ter git ye out o' this when I got a chance ter git off safe myself.

Alice. (*clasping PAULINE in her arms*) My child! At last I have found my baby!

Paul. (*much affected*) Pshaw! You're making a fool of me! This is no time for sentiment. We shall be nabbed if we are not out of here in a jiffy! Mike, are you going to let us off without a fuss?

Mike. You can go; but——

Paul. (*drawing revolver*) Mike, I don't want to hurt you; but we are both going.

Mike. Go—and be quick!

Enter, NICK, suddenly, c.

Nick. Traitor! This is the way you betray your comrades! (*points revolver at MIKE*) Die, you dog!

Fires—PAULINE strikes up his arm—MIKE seizes NICK by throat and hurls him back.

Enter, SILAS, RALPH and BLAKE, c.

Silas. Here you be, my fine gentleman! Officer, take him!

(*points at NICK—officer handcuffs him*)

Ralph. Alice, my wife!

Alice. Ralph!

Silas. My darter! (*SILAS and RALPH grasp ALICE's hand*)

Paul. (*aside to MIKE*) Scoot! (*he runs out, c.*)

Alice. Father, husband and child all restored to me in less than one half hour; it's enough to turn my brain.

Silas. Child? Jehosophat! (*turns to PAULINE*) Sweetbrier, is this you?

Ralph. My dear daughter, receive your father's welcome!

(*going towards her*)

Paul. Got a little off yer base, ain't ye? I'm Polly, the flower girl!

Silas. My little Sweetbrier—riz from the dead!

Paul. I'm no ghost, old man! (*runs R., but is caught by officer*) Scragged again, by jinks!

Blake. I've caught you, madam, and you don't escape me agin! I'm Blake what caught ye afore, and I knowed ye the minute I sot my eyes on ye.

Paul. You inhuman fiend! Are you content? But a felon's death I will not die. I escaped you once—(*springing away*) I escape you again!

(*puts revolver to her breast—fires—falls and is caught by SILAS*)

END OF ACT V.

CURTAIN.

ACT VI

SCENE I—*Sitting room in RALPH LINDSEY'S house—elegantly furnished. PAULINE and MOSE dancing.*

Enter, Mrs. ALICE LINDSEY, R., with basket of wools.

Alice. For mercy's sake, Pauline Lindsey, what are you doing?

Paul. (*sitting hastily on sofa, while MOSE runs out, L.*) Now, mamma, don't scold! I'm sure it's not a bit worse than dancing the german with Mr. Featherby, who hasn't half the brains that Mose has.

Alice. I am not going to scold; but I thought—at least, I *hoped* that you had forgotten those old traits.

Paul. Mamma, have you had any cause to feel ashamed of me since my first appearance in society?

Alice. Why, no; I cannot say that I have, yet I am always afraid that you love of mischief may cause you to commit some breach of etiquette.

Paul. Never fear, mamma! The belle of two seasons is not likely to forget what she owes society. Yet I do not think I could endure it all, were it not for the few hours that I have in private, when I can act my own will self.

Alice. Poor child! are you not happy?

Paul. Happy as the days are long, mother! If Earle were only here, my happiness would be complete.

Alice. Yet you have hidden yourself from him and kept everyone from acquainting him with the fact of your safety.

Paul. I wished to make sure of his love; and, as your daughter, Miss Lina Lindsey, I think I have succeeded. I have no fears that he will not follow us from England. We have been home just three weeks, and I shall give him two more to arrive here. Depend upon it, mamma, you will see his lordship in two weeks.

Alice. What stronger proof of his love did you need than that he offered his life for you? It was just that when he accused himself of a crime that he believed you had committed.

Paul. Yes, I know; but you remember that I have every reason to believe that he married me to please his foster-father.

Alice. Do you know Roscoe's object in bringing about the marriage? One would think that he would have insisted upon your marrying Hendricks.

Paul. He intended to elude Hendricks, get what money he could from father's property, and after inducing Earle to go to England on his wedding tour, pass me upon Earle's mother as his daughter; thus competing her for Earle's sake, to conceal the crimes of his wife's father. But Earle refused to take me to England and Hendricks was not easily eluded. The last of Roscoe's Lindsey's life was spent in dread and terror.

Alice. It is sad to think that my husband's brother was such a bad man.

Enter, RALPH, L.

Ralph. Alone, my treasures? I expected to find father and mother Hunter with you.

(*sits beside ALICE and takes wool upon his hands*)

Alice. There; that is better, thank you! (*continues to wind wool*)

I expected father and mother; but it is getting so late that I do not think they will come.

Paul. Oh, yes they will! Grandma said should come for Nancy to-night, and she always keeps her word. Probably grandpa has lost his hat, and failing to propitiate grandma with a sufficient amount of politeness has been unable to find it.

Alice. It was real kind of mother to send Nancy over to help me. Ralph, have you engaged the new cook?

Ralph. Yes; she will be here to-morrow.

Enter, NANCY, followed by MR. and MRS. HUNTER, R.

Nancy. Here am de dekin and de dekinis!

(extravagant courtesy—exit R.)

Alice. I am glad you have come. I was just thinking that I should not see you to-night.

General hand-shaking—ALICE helps MRS. HUNTER removes wraps—RALPH rings bell.

Mrs. H. Law me! I didn't know as I should get here. Firstly, we had a caller—big—big—eh, Silas? What was his name?

Silas. Big Mike Ryan! The fellow is living out west and getting rich on a cattle ranch—so he says.

Enter, NANCY, R.—takes wraps and with many courtesies, exits, R.

Mrs. H. How perlite Nancy has got to be since she came to live with you.

Paul. Yes; she follows the style of my French maid. But how glad I am that Mike is doing so well! Grandpa, come and sit beside me; I want to talk to you. *(SILAS sits on sofa)*

Mrs. H. But that caller wasn't all that kept us. Silas got a letter from Earle.

Paul. Oh, grandpa! Tell it all quickly!

Mrs. H. Law, child; don't flusterate a body! Well, you see; Silas lost his spectacles—

Paul. Oh, grandma! What did Earle write?

Mrs. H. Law, child; how nervous you are getting to be! I brought some catnip in my carpet bag, an I'll put some right on to steep. There's nothing better for the nerves than catnip tea—

Paul. Oh, grandpa!

Silas. Yes, child—Earle is coming home to America and will arrive soon. I s'pose I ought to call him Lord Wayne. He writes that his father is dead; but he has found his mother, and they are coming to America to live—but I s'pose you know all this.

Paul. I did not know that he would live in America. I have met his lordship and his mother. They were frequent visitors at our rooms in England.

Silas. I s'pose you'll claim him when he gets back, won't you?

Paul. I rather think I will wait till he claims me.

Mrs. H. Law sakes! How kin he when he don't know you're in the land of livin'? We hain't writ a word about ye, cause you told us not to. When Silas found out where he was, he sent the papers that belonged to him; but never said a word about *your* papers. I never see sich deceitful carrying on; and the deacon is as bad as anybody. I don't know what the world is coming to!

Ralph. Well, mother, I think our part of it is coming together at last—don't you?

Mrs. H. Now, Ralph! You allus did laugh at my sayings; but don't you remember that you came back three times when you started for South America? I told you then you wouldn't have good luck, and you laughed.

Ralph. Yes, I remember! (*to SILAS*) Father, don't you want to take a look at my horses?

Silas. Yes; don't care if I do! (*tosses letter to PAULINE*) Want to read Earle's letter?

Paul. Oh, yes!

(*exit, RALPH and SILAS, R.*)

Alice. Well, mother, I suppose you have come to take Nancy home. It was real kind of you to let her stay so long, when you need her yourself.

Mrs. H. Yes; I do need her for I ain't so spry as I used to be. Have you got all put to rights?

Alice. Yes; come and I will show you over the rooms. We have had them all refurnished. (*exit MRS. HUNTER and ALICE, L.*)

Enter, NANCY, followed by EARLE, R.

Nancy. Here am massa Earle—what it's my born opinion am a rabin manicle—a callin' hisself de lord! He nebber used ter be on-rebberant, an' I knows fo' sartin he am clar gone crazy!

Paul. (*rising and offering her hand*) Lord Wayne! This is indeed a surprise! When did you come?

Earle. This afternoon. I went up to grandfather's, but found nobody at home so I took the liberty to call here.

Paul. Of course, my Lord——

Nancy. Dar you go agin! What you done talkin' 'bout? Sich blasphemous talk I nebber heard!

Paul. Why, aunty! This is Lord Wayne, of England! In that country Lord is used as a title, like—like——

Earle. Like deacon, Nancy!

Nancy. *Deakin!* It am bad nough fo' sich trundle-bed trash ter sot up fo' a deakin; but when yer comes a sotin' yerself up fo' de ruler ob dis yarth an' heben too, I jess tink yo'd 'spect ter be thunderstruck! I done 'spee dat gal be gwine ter sot up fo' an angel nex't!

(*exit, NANCY, R.*)

Earle. Yes; she has been set up as an angel in my heart from the first.

Paul. Now sir, don't be 'on-rebberant'! I cannot let you bestow such wholesale flattery. I will ring for refreshments.

Earle. Stay! Let me speak! I have followed you here because I cannot live away from you. I have wealth, honor and a titled name; with a deep, true love—I lay them *all* at your feet, for without you I am poorer than a beggar. Miss Lindsey—Lina—will you be my wife?

Paul. Indeed, my Lord, you are very ardent for so abrupt a wooer. It is no wonder that with such combined forces, you found so little difficulty in winning the street waif, Pauline Dare. Really I feel honored to be your second choice.

Earle. So you have heard the story of my marriage? But, as my wife is dead, I see no reason why you should taunt me with my first choice—perhaps you have heard that I was unkind to her—

though heaven knows, I did not mean to be! For though pride kept me silent, I truly loved her.

Paul. It seems that you are a trifle fickle, Lord Wayne, that you can forget your first love so soon.

Earle. I shall never forget her while you are before me! You are her living counterpart. Had I not seen her drown, no earthly power could force me to believe you were not my wife.

Paul. Really, sir; you are complimentary! A rude, uncultivated girl, the companion of criminals, a murderess—to be upheld as my exact counterpart!

Earle. Great heavens, Miss Lindsey! How you torture me!

Enter, NANCY, R.

Nancy. Wot yo' do wid dat ar' broom, Miss Brier?

Paul. I—f—do—don't— I haven't had it, Nancy!

Nancy. Yes yo' has, Miss Brier! Yo' had it chasin' Mose—

Mose. (*outside*) Here it am, mammy!

Earle. Mose! (*catching PAULINE by wrist—turns back cuff*) What is this? Have you been deceiving me? The mark—Pauline, my wife! (*putting his arm around PAULINE*) My little Sweetbrier!

Enter, SILAS, MRS. HUNTER, RALPH and ALICE, L.

Silas. Sweetbrier—thorns and all, boy! How dye do? (*shakes hands with EARLE*) So you've found her out!

Earle. I don't understand. I feel dazed. Excuse me all—how do you do? (*general hand-shaking*)

Ralph. You must let the blame rest on Pauline. It was all her fault that we deceived you.

Earle. Great heavens! I had forgotten! You are not safe here. Prying eyes will be quick to know you. Had I not been certain that you drowned before my eyes you would never have deceived me. You must come with me to England—at once.

Paul. Would you receive and take to your proud mother, a wife with a stain upon her name?

Earle. You are my wife. My mother will shield you for my sake. As for myself—Pauline, I do not care to live without you. I can forgive your crime for the provocation was great, and those papers proved my birthright as well as yours; but I wish you had consulted me. I could have taken them from him without resorting to such a dreadful deed.

Silas. The devil, man! Are you a natural born fool? Ain't ye more of a man than to stand right up and insult a lady? Do you s'pose that air gal killed a man jest like a hog? Well, then, she didn't! 'Twas that Roscoe Lindsey that you loved so well.

Earle. What—is this true? Pauline, why did you keep silent?

Silas. Because she thought you did it, and rather than see you suffer, she bore it herself.

Earle. Pauline, is this so?

Paul. It is. I believed you guilty, till Inez Flint, on her death-bed confessed that she saw Mr. Lindsey do the deed; but out of revenge she accused me.

Earle. My poor persecuted wife! I shall try to atone for your suffering; and may your life be as bright in the future as the past has been dark. But how did you escape? We all thought you were drowned.

Paul. (*rings bell*) I will let Mose tell you.

Enter, MOSE, L.

Mose. De good laws! Massa Earle, is you comed back?

Earle. Yes, Mose; and I want to know how you aided your mistress to escape, so long ago.

Mose. What you done talkin' 'bout?

Alice. Oh, you may tell all you know, Mose: it's all found out now.

Paul. All but your part, Mose.

Mose. Golly! Dat makes dis niggah's hair shibber when I tinks ob dat 'ar.

Earle. Yes; but how did you get your mistress out of jail?

Mose. Why, you see dat night wat dey locks Miss Brièr up, I sinks it an queer if she gwine ter stay dar; so I jess goes down ter de jail. It am a tumbly ole ting—an' I took a rope long wid me, an' when I got dar I found Miss Brièr roosting on de roof jess like a chicken. I jess frowed up dat rope and she was on it in a jiffy; but jess as she was gwine ter sot she fut on de ground, dat ar jail fellah grabbed she. Dat scalawag done tooked wid wool in de stomick an' Miss Brièr an' dis chile done took to der heels; but laws! massa, you knows how de cry was rized, an' all de village out in a jiffy. Miss Brièr do cry 'de creek!' an' down we jumps in ter de water. Dars a cাবে in dat rock whar de water don't come an' dars whar we stayed till dar was a mo' violent calm in de village. Den we goes fo' York. Miss Brièr am a po'ful smart gal, massa Earle! But dat ar Blake am a debbil!

Paul. He was but doing his duty, Mose.

Mose. Ya'as; but when Miss Brièr done git shooted out in York, de sight ob mass Ralph's money maked it he dooty ter look totder way while massa toted she ter Englum. He am a mean skunk.

Earle. You are a brave boy, Mose, and shall be rewarded.

Mose. I don't ax no 'ward 'cept ter stay nigh Miss Brièr.

Earle. That you shall do and I shall see that you and Nancy are well provided for.

Nancy. Tank yer, massa Earle, I'se berry fond ob Miss Brièr; but I'se fond ob odder tings too, an' if you's gwine ter provide fo' me, I jess wish you would buy me a bunch ob pink ribbon—so pink dat ar French gal will nigh 'bout die ter look at it!

Earle. You shall have all colors of the rainbow, if you like, Nancy!

Mrs. H. (*to SILAS*) Silas, I wonder if I'm awake! I declare! strange things happen so fast that I'm all in a flurry. Silas, do say something! My nerves are so unstrung that I can't think of a word to say!

Silas. It is not the time or place for an old feller like me to make a speech. We have passed through many trials and endured many hours of sadness, but at last, like the breaking of storm clouds, we are passing from gloom to sunlight; and I thank the kind Providence that has spared us pure, bright, and though trampled upon, not crushed, our precious Sweetbrier.

THE END.

CURTAIN.

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Ames' Plays---Continued.

NO.		M	F	NO.		M	F.
FARCES CONTINUED.							
65	An Unwelcome Return.....	3	1	159	Quiet Family.....	4	4
31	A Pot of the Public.....	4	2	171	Rough Diamond.....	4	3
21	A Romantic Attachment.....	3	3	180	Ripples.....	2	0
123	A Thrilling Item.....	3	1	48	Sch ups.....	1	1
20	A Ticket of Leave.....	3	2	138	Sewing Circle of P rioid.....	0	5
175	Betsy Baker.....	2	2	115	S. H. A. M. Pinafore.....	3	3
8	Better Half.....	5	2	55	Somebody's Nobody.....	3	2
86	Black vs. White.....	4	2	243	Sports on a Lark.....	3	0
22	Captain Smith.....	3	3	232	Stage Struck Yankee.....	4	2
84	Cheek Will Win.....	3	0	2-8	Strawberry Shortcake.....	2	0
225	Cup's Capers.....	4	4	137	Taking the Census.....	1	1
49	Der Two Surprises.....	1	1	40	The Mysterious B'dlo.....	2	2
72	Deuce is in Him.....	5	1	245	Ticket Taker.....	3	0
19	Did I Dream it.....	4	3	38	The Bewitched Closet.....	5	2
42	Domestic Felicity.....	1	1	131	The Cigarette.....	4	2
188	Dutch Prize Fighter.....	3	0	101	The Coming Man.....	3	1
220	Dutchy vs. Nigger.....	3	0	167	Turn Him Out.....	3	2
148	Eh? What Did You Say.....	3	1	68	The Sham Professor.....	4	0
218	Everybody Astonished.....	4	0	54	The Two T. J's.....	4	2
221	fooling with the Wrong Man.....	2	1	2-3	The Best Cure.....	4	1
223	Freezing a Mother-in-Law.....	2	1	28	Thirty-three Next Birthday.....	4	2
154	Fun in a Post Office.....	4	2	142	Tit for Tat.....	2	1
184	Family Discipline.....	0	1	213	Vermont Wool Dealer.....	5	3
209	Goose with the Golden Eggs.....	5	3	151	Wanted a Husband.....	2	1
13	Give Me My Wife.....	3	3	5	When Women Weep.....	3	2
66	Hans, the Dutch J. P.....	3	1	56	Wooing Under Difficultie.....	5	3
116	Hash.....	4	2	70	Which will be Marry.....	2	8
120	H. M. S. Plum.....	1	1	135	Widow's Trials.....	4	5
103	How Sister Paxeey got her Child Baptiz'd.....	2	1	147	Waking Him Up.....	1	2
50	How She has Own Way.....	1	3	155	Why they Joined the Re- becca.....	0	4
140	How He Popped the Quest'n.....	1	1	111	Yankee Duelist.....	3	1
74	How t' Tame M-in-Law.....	4	2	157	Ya kee Peddler.....	7	3
35	How Stout Your Getting.....	5	2	ETHIOPIAN FARCES.			
47	In the Wrong Box.....	3	0	204	Academy of Stars.....	6	0
95	In the Wrong Clothes.....	5	3	15	An Unhappy Pair.....	1	1
11	John Smith.....	5	3	172	Black Shoemaker.....	4	2
99	Jumbo Jun.....	4	3	98	Black Statue.....	4	2
82	Kill n: T me.....	1	1	222	Colored Senators.....	3	0
182	Kittie's Wedding Cake.....	1	3	214	Chops.....	3	0
127	Lick Skillet Wedding.....	2	2	145	Cuff's Luck.....	2	1
228	Lauderbach's Little Surprise.....	3	0	190	Crimps Tr p.....	5	0
106	Lodgings for Two.....	3	0	249	Double Electi n.....	9	1
139	Matrimonial Bliss.....	1	1	27	Fetter Lane to Gravesend.....	2	0
231	Match for a Mother-in-Law.....	2	2	230	Hamlet the Daity.....	6	1
235	More Blunders than one.....	4	3	153	Haunted House.....	2	0
69	Mother's Fool.....	6	1	24	Handy Andy.....	2	0
1	Mr. and Mrs. Pringle.....	7	4	235	Hypochondriac The.....	2	0
153	Mr. Hudson's Tiger Hunt.....	1	1	247	Incompatibility of Temper... Joe's Vis t.....	1	2
23	My Heart's in Highlands.....	4	3	77	Mischievous Nigger.....	4	2
208	My Precious Betsy.....	4	4	88	Midnight Code.....	2	1
212	My Turn Next.....	4	3	256	Musical D rkey.....	2	0
32	My Wife's Relations.....	4	4	128	Nobody's Moke.....	5	2
186	My Day and Now-a-Days.....	0	1	259	No Cure No Pay.....	3	1
44	Obedience.....	1	2	90	Not as Deaf as He Seems.....	3	0
244	Old Clothes.....	3	0	61	Old Dad's Cabin.....	2	1
33	On the Sly.....	3	2	234	Old Pompey.....	1	1
246	Ot. ello.....	4	1	150	Other People's Children.....	3	2
57	Paddy Miles' Boy.....	5	2	109	Pomp's Pranks.....	2	0
217	Patent Washing Machine.....	4	1	134	Quarrel some Servants.....	3	0
165	Persuaded Dutchman.....	6	3	177	Rooms to Let.....	2	1
195	Poor Man's Invention.....	2	3	96	School.....	5	0
238	Prudent Invention.....	5	0	107			



Ames' Plays---

NO.	M. F.	NO.	
ETHIOPIAN FARCES—CONT'UED.			
133	Seeing Bosting.....	3 0	206 Vilkens and Dinah..... 4 1
179	Sham Doctor.....	3 3	210 Virginia Mummy..... 6 1
94	16,000 Years Ago.....	3 0	203 Who Stole the Chickens..... 1 1
25	Sport with a Sportsman.....	2 0	205 William Tell..... 4 0
92	Stage Struck Darkey.....	2 1	156 Wig-Maker and His Servants 3 0
241	Struck by Lightning.....	2 2	
10	Stocks Up, Stocks Down.....	2 0	GUIDE BOOKS.
64	That Boy Sam.....	3 1	17 Hints on Elocution.....
252	That Awful Carpet Bag.....	3 3	130 Hints to Amateurs.....
122	The Select School.....	5 0	CANTATA.
118	The Popcorn Man.....	3 1	215 On to Victory..... 4 6
6	The Studio.....	3 0	TABLEAUX.
108	Those Awful Boys.....	5 0	250 Festival of Days
4	Twain's Dodging.....	3 1	PANTOMIME.
197	Tricks.....	5 2	260 Cousin John's Album.....
198	Uncle Jeff.....	5 2	
170	U. S. Mail.....	2 2	
216	Vice Versa.....	3 1	



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